

# "And the angel left her"

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [December 1, 2009](#) issue

*Luke 1:38*

So there she stood alone amid a stillness  
as loud as any earthquake she had heard,  
the eaves creaking in the absence of wind,  
the hiss and tick of radiators warming  
the house along with a soon-coming sun.  
Her hands touch her belly, swelling already  
like dough cupped close in an earthen bowl.  
She knows it won't be long before she shows.  
What to do with all this sudden silence?  
Phone her boyfriend: *Joseph, I have news!*  
E-mail St. Anne: *Dear Mother, I'm afraid.*  
Drop to her knees, now weak with recognition  
and kiss the space he filled a moment past  
in answer to the question he had asked.